

Monsters

Sons and Daughters

Where did you come from?
What have we started?
Maybe I call you a liar
Held in command

Taken by hand
Mistaking the words on the wire
Take me down again
Pull me down again

Take me down and then a a a a a
Don't go and ask your sick little questions
I can't find the cure for desire
If this continues

I'm saving myself
By putting my hands in the fire
What's natural and real
Like monsters we

Like banshees
That's what we've become
There's half a discussion and then we ask
What kind of love we have

You know where the door is
Can't give you myself
Compassions just a word in a dictionary on your shelf
Monogamy to you it seems is just black and blue

All the best psychotic lovers ain't got nothing on you